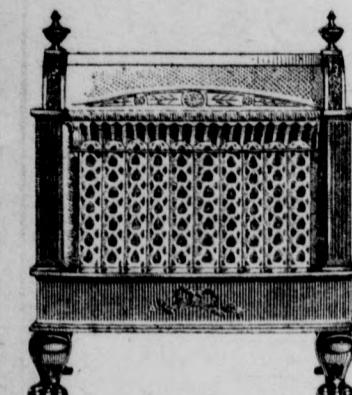


SIERRA MADRE NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

SIERRA MADRE, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1919.

VOL. 14, No. 3



CHILLY?
Uncomfortable?
ELIMINATE IT.

Those RADIANTFIRE GAS HEATERS have proven so satisfactory that repeat orders have come from the owners. Many new and satisfied owners are being added to our long list daily.

Fuel consumption is minimum when heat units are considered.

Let us demonstrate them to you.

A cheaper, the very good, heater is also offered in the HOT-SPOT. They make a beautiful illuminous flame. Many others carried also.

CITY PRICES
OR LOWER

Sierra Madre
Hardware Co.
31-35 West Central

OUR WATER SYSTEM

Entirely Inadequate for the Needs of
Sierra Madre, with Pipes
Old and Rotten

Not that it is news to most of our readers, but to again remind our people that the fire in the mountains, the conservation of our water supply and the annual rainfall are not the only items regarding our water supply that we need to worry about, for what use would be an abundance of water if we lacked the means for its delivery?

The water pipes now in use were installed so long ago that some of them have entirely rusted away and have been replaced with patch-work connections, and no one knows at how many places or where the original pipes may succumb to old age. Repairs are very difficult because usually there is not enough good solid pipe left on which to cut threads for a new connection.

Besides this rotten and worn-out condition, the entire system is practically unchanged from what it was when a few fruit growers laid a few mains to bring water to their orchards.

The formation of a town growing into a small city has tapped into these mains at various places to secure the growing water needs from year to year, and the same old mains are still doing service, with the water department and informed citizens holding their breath and hoping they will not all give way at once, like the deacon's one-horse shay.

This condition must be remedied some time and should be remedied at once. Some board of City Trustees must shoulder the responsibility of the expense and the News believes the present one will have the courage to do so.

We do not think a single voter will question the need, therefore why should we put off the evil moment until a serious break in our water mains may cause vegetation to die and domestic water to be carried in buckets and barrels while a frantic effort is being made to secure money to make replacements in the pipe lines.

The remedy is a bond issue now. It's got to come soon anyway, but let's get the money now and make the necessary changes and replacements before the whole system breaks down.

WILL HOLD BAZAAR

For two days beginning November 20th, a bazaar will be held at the Woman's Club House under the auspices of the Woman's Guild of the Church of the Ascension.

There will be booths with plain and fancy articles for sale and home-made candy and cooked foods, also something to amuse the children.

Dinner will be served each evening at 75 cents per plate, and will be prepared by Mrs. Turner, cateress from Pasadena.

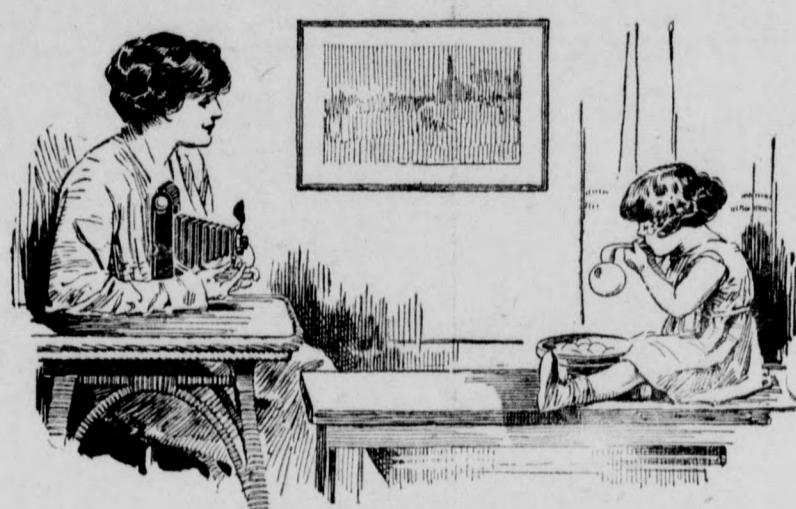
A short play entitled "Untangling Tony" will be given under the direction of Miss Helen Williams, the cast of characters to be published later.

RED CROSS MEETING

The large audience that attended the free picture show at the Woman's Club House was composed mostly of children and young people, but all enjoyed the war pictures and the address delivered by C. W. Jones.

This meeting was the first gun in the campaign for Red Cross membership which will take place next month.

KODAKS . . .



Every out-door sport invites your Kodak. Leave your films one day and get your pictures the next.

Woodson F. Jones

PHONE BLACK 75 31 N. BALDWIN AVE.

REFORESTATION NEEDED

Increased Appropriations for Tree Planting and Good Roads Urged by Congressman Randall

Congressman Randall, who is urging prompt action toward replanting the burned-over areas in the mountains, has been assured by the United States Forest Service that immediate steps will be taken in this direction.

Mr. Randall's letter to this Bureau of the government, written under date of October 3, is as follows:

"In connection with the pressing necessity of increased appropriations for construction of roads in order that fire fighters may in the future reach the fire in time to be of effective service, I wish to impress upon your service the vital necessity of providing very quickly for a comprehensive system of reforestation of the denuded areas.

"The prosperity and the very life of the rich Southern California territory under the slopes of the Sierra Madre ranges are dependent upon the conservation and storage of moisture in the mountains, for the long dry seasons.

"My information is that 135,000 acres have been stripped of every living thing. The immediate problem for you is to start new growth upon these blackened slopes, with but little intervening time devoted to unwinding red tape.

"In this connection may I venture to suggest that the aeroplane be utilized in order to quickly scatter thousands upon thousands of pounds of suitable tree seeds over these ranges? While planting tree seeds in this manner, would it also be advisable to scatter a cover crop of some sort of grass or clover which will help to shade the young trees while they are getting a start?

"That the reforestation of the whole Sierra Madre mountains is feasible, I have no doubt. At Henniger's Flats, half way up the Mt. Wilson trail, there is a convincing demonstration that a new forest can be grown on these mountains. The late P. Lukens of Pasadena, who was a widely known authority on these subjects, has there a monument to his wisdom, in a splendid forest growth.

Last Thursday evening E. J. Webster entertained a number of friends with a dinner at his home on East Alegria in celebration of his birthday. Guests were Miss Thomasella Graham, Miss Ida Munsell and Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin of Pasadena.

GAS HEATERS

"Packers Duo Bunsen"

A shipment of these celebrated Gas Heaters just received. By a clever arrangement of the mixer and the radiation, this stove burns 90 per cent air, therefore your gas expense will be greatly reduced. They are very substantial, with asbestos back lining and sell for about half the price asked for other kinds of the same capacity.

Small size, only \$8.75

Medium size, only 11.00

Large size, only 13.50

We have only a limited number and they won't last long. Call and see for yourself.

Bergien Bros.

Phone Main 136

87 West Central

Blankets

New Plaid Blankets in Pink, Blue, Tan and Grey, 66x80 inches \$4.75

Crib Blankets

Animal Crib Blankets made of Excellent Quality Eiderdown, size 50x36 inches 1.85

Ladies' Hose

White Hose, Good Quality, A new lot just in, Special Price, .40c

Children's Hose

Special Price on Children's Fine Ribbed Black Hose, Size 6 to 9 1-2 .40c to 50c

PHONE BLACK 85

J. F. SADLER & CO.

Standard Patterns

PARENT-TEACHERS ASS'N.

The Parent-Teachers Association held its initial meeting of the year on Wednesday, Oct. 15th, at 3 o'clock at the Kindergarten building. The vice president, Mrs. W. S. Hull, presided.

All the mothers and friends of the school were invited and it afforded an excellent opportunity to renew old acquaintances and to make new ones among the several new teachers and new families. A short musical program was enjoyed.

Punch and wafers were served by the hostesses, Mrs. Hull, Oswald and Bodine.

INCONPARABLE SIERRA MADRE.

In a letter received from Mrs. Camille Norbie at present in Stockton but intending to return to Sierra Madre, she says: "I want to tell you that in all the towns I have visited, none can compare with Sierra Madre. I have not seen a mountain since I left; nothing but flat ground and level country. I did not think I would miss the mountains so much and in all my travels throughout California none can compare with the beauty and healthy climate of dear old Sierra Madre. When I won't be so busy I may write of my experiences and trials since I left and how I do long for a drink of that good water we have in that mountain home."

STORY BEGINS NEXT WEEK.

BUSINESS MAN LEAVES TOWN

H. A. Binford has purchased the bakery and lunch room business of Mrs. R. Seeger at Lamanda Park, and will take possession this week. Mr. Binford has been in a similar business here for a number of years. The news regrets to lose this good family but wishes them prosperity in their new field.

CELEBRATES BIRTHDAY

Last Thursday evening E. J. Webster entertained a number of friends with a dinner at his home on East Alegria in celebration of his birthday. Guests were Miss Thomasella Graham, Miss Ida Munsell and Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin of Pasadena.

"New Wine in Old Bottles"

That is the way one reviewer sums up that delightful story of a quest for millions in gold doubloons left in the West Indies by buccaneers, recorded in the new serial about to appear in this paper.

Pieces of Eight

By Richard Le Gallenne

The lure of buried treasure is perennial. Add mysterious caves, pirates, ruins, a sea-swept island, moonlight on the water and the attending dangers, and it sounds like "Treasure Island." If you have ever heard that impelling call of adventure you can't resist this story.

Keep your eyes open for the first installment!

STORY BEGINS NEXT WEEK.

Mrs. C. E. Cook, Miss Gertrude Cook, Mrs. H. E. C. Webb and several other passengers were the victims of a street car accident on Saturday, when the 12:16 p.m. south-bound car from this place had a collision with an Alhambra car at the Indian Village.

From the statements of those on the Sierra Madre car, which was proceeding at the usual rate of speed, approaching this section, the Alhambra car swung in from the west-bound track to the south-bound main line track over which the Sierra Madre car was traveling. The motorman of the Sierra Madre car shut off the power and applied his brakes but was unable to slow down quickly enough and crashed into the rear end of the Alhambra car. Just before the crash the motorman jumped back and avoided being seriously injured or killed.

Mrs. Cook, who occupied the second seat on the front open section, was thrown from her seat and sustained painful injuries, having three of her ribs and several vertebrae misplaced, besides other bruises about her body.

Miss Gertrude Cook sustained minor bruises and suffered from shock.

Mrs. Webb escaped with a slight injury on the neck, and other passengers received a severe shaking up and slight strains.

Upon arriving in Los Angeles, Mrs. Cook was removed to the Emergency Hospital and later brought to her home where she is doing nicely.

She was cared for by Dr. J. E. Fairbank, formerly of this place.

DEAN SHAW RETURNS.

Rev. William Carson Shaw arrived home from the east on Tuesday evening after a month's absence, having left to attend the Bishops' Bi-annual Convention of the Episcopal Church, which was held at Detroit, Mich., last month.

Ancient Queens

With all their fabled wealth,
never had more than is here
for your selection and within
your reach in price.

BOYD PARK
MAKERS OF JEWELRY
106 MAIN STREET SALT LAKE CITY

Business Courses

Stenography Bookkeeping
Dictaphone Typewriting
Civil Service Posting Machine

L. D. S. Business College
Salt Lake City, Utah

Day and Evening All the Year

Typewriters

All makes Rented, Repaired, Sold.
Write for prices—\$7.50 to \$100.
Utah Office and School Supply
32 W. 2nd South, Salt Lake City, Utah

HELP WANTED If you want big wages learn
barber trade. Many small
towns need barbers; good opportunities open
for men over draft age. Barbers in army have
good as possible position. Get prepared
in few weeks. Call or write: **Miles Barber
College**, 438 West Temple St., Salt Lake City.

NO REFUGE IN BANKRUPTCY

In Olden Times Severe Penalties Were
Meted Out to Men Unable to
Pay Their Debts.

A curious custom was prevalent in
France during the sixteenth and sev-
enteenth centuries. Anyone who found
it necessary to liquidate his affairs
was obliged to wear a green cap—a
humility to himself and a warning to
others.

Those who made a hobby of getting
rid of their indebtedness by way of
the bankruptcy court should at all
costs steer clear of China. Bank-
rupts are almost unknown in that
country, as they entail immediate ex-
ecution.

A similar drastic punishment used
to be meted out to delinquent In-
Japs.

To come nearer home, one need only
go back to little before the Act of
Union to find that debtors in Scot-
land were obliged to wear garments
of diverse colors, a suit of gray and
yellow being the most common.

In Spain, a man unable to meet his
liabilities was put in chains and com-
pelled to work as a slave for his cred-
itor. Should he escape, his wife, chil-
dren, father or other relative were
seized in his stead.

At one time bankrupts were consid-
ered criminal offenders even in Eng-
land. As a matter of fact, certain
cases of fraudulent bankruptcy have
incurred the death penalty in this
country. Any concealment of books
or the secreting of property by a
debtor was so punished. Under this
law a man called John Perrot was
hanged in 1761.—London Tit-Bits.

FOR SALE—We have in this vi-
cinity a high-grade piano, also latest
model player-piano, used but in per-
fect condition, practically new, which
we will sell at an attractive figure and
on practically their own terms, to
responsible parties, rather than ship
back. Write today to Consolidated
Music Co., 13 to 19 East First South
St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Lord John Russell.

During the years of my uncle's re-
tirement I was much more in his com-
pany than had been possible when I
was a schoolboy and he was foreign
secretary or prime minister. Pen-
broke Lodge became to me a second
home; and I have no happier memory
than of hours spent there by the side
of one who had played bat, trap and
ball with Charles Fox; had been trav-
eling companion of Lord Holland; had
corresponded with Tom Moore, de-
bated with Francis Jeffrey, and dined
with Doctor Parr; had visited Mel-
rose abbey in the company of Sir Wal-
ter Scott, and criticized the acting of
Mrs. Siddons; had conversed with Na-
poleon in his seclusion at Elba, and
had ridden with the duke of Wellington
along the lines of Torres Vedras
—G. W. E. Russell.

Almost Universal Symbol.

The swastika symbol has been found
depicted on tombs at Hissarlik, near
ancient Troy; on Buddhist inscrip-
tions in India, in Etruscan necrop-
olis, on coins of Gaza and Corinth; on
rock carvings in Sweden, and on
Celtic stones in Britain. In America
in pre-Columbian times, it was in com-
mon use by the aborigines.

Penon de Corom.

Few persons besides Chinese traders
visit the forbidding shores of rock-
bound Penon de Corom. The rugged
beauty of its towering cliffs, with their
dark and jagged outlines against the
southern sky, is lost upon the natives,
who see them only as a source of rev-
enue. By swinging from ropes or climb-
ing ladders they scour these rocks for
the tiny nests from which are concen-
ted the famous bird nest soup. These
nests they sell to oriental traders by
thousands, who come regularly to our
port for this delicacy of Chinese fare.

WOLVES OF THE SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

Copyright, by A. C. McClurg & Co.

CHAPTER XXXII—Continued.

—20—

Haines was evidently reluctant, but
sailor enough to follow as I lowered
myself to the deck, clinging hard to
keep my footing on the wet incline. A
light spar had lodged here, and by
making this a species of bridge, we
crept as far as the companion, the door
of which was open, and gained a view
of the scene below. It was a dismal
hole in the dim light, but presented no
obstacle to our entrance, and I led the
way down the stairs, gripping the rail
to keep from falling.

The door of the captain's room gave,
but it required our combined efforts to
press it open against the volume of
water, slushing about within. For a
moment my eyes could scarcely recog-
nize the various objects as I clung to
the frame of the door and stared blindly
about in the gloom. Then slowly they
assumed shape and substance. Screwed to the deck, the furniture re-
tained its place, but everything else
was jammed in a mass of wreckage, or
else floating about in a foot of water,
deepening toward the stern. There
were two chests in the room, one of
which I instantly recognized as that of
Roger Fairfax. The sight of this made
me oblivious to all else.

"There's the chest we want, Haines,"
I cried, pointing it out. "Have the lads
back the boat up to this port; then
come down and help me handle it."

"Yes, sir," his voice trembling, "but
—but isn't that a man over there—in
the bunk? Good God, sir; look at me!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Before the Governor.

The sound startled me; I imagined
I heard the keel slipping, yet before we
had reached the door opening on deck
the slight movement ceased. My hand
grasped the frightened Haines.

"Tell them in the boat to do as I
said; then come back here."

"My God, sir, she's a goin' down."

"Not for some minutes yet. There
are thousands of pounds in that chest;
you've risked life for less many a
time. Jump, my man!"

The boat lay in close, bobbing up
and down dangerously, yet held firmly
beneath the opened port. The box
was heavy enough to tax the strength
of two men to handle it, but of a size
and shape permitting its passage.

Sanchez had raised himself again,
and clung there to the edge of the bunk
watching us.

"Now let down easy, lads," I called.
"No, place it amidships; get it even, or
you go over. Fix it to ride steady, and
stand by—we'll pass a wounded man
out to you!"

"I'll tell you frankly, Captain
Sanchez," and I stepped closer. "We
risked coming aboard to save that
chest—Roger Fairfax's chest—before it
went down. This vessel has its
back broken, and may slide off into
deep water at any minute. We must
get you out of here first."

"Get me out!" he laughed hideously.
"To hell with your help. I want none
of it. I am a dead man now, and the
easiest way to end all will be to go
down with the ship—'twill be a fit
coffin for Black Sanchez. By God! I
know you now—Geoffry Carlyle?"

"Yes, but an enemy no longer."

"That is for me to say. I hate your
race, your breed. The very sound of
your name drives me mad. I accept
no rescue from you! Damn you, take
your gold and go!"

"But why?" I insisted, shocked at
the man's violence. "Is it because I in-
terfered between you and Dorothy
Fairfax?"

"That chit; bah, what do I care for
her but as a plaything. No, my hate
runs deeper than that. How came you
here—in the boat stolen from the Na-
tural?"

"No, Captain Sanchez. The day after
we left the ship we boarded a schooner
found adrift, the crew stricken with
cholera, with not a man left alive on
deck, or below. She lies yonder now,
the Santa Marie—a slaver."

"Merciful God!" and his eyes fairly
blazed into mine as he suddenly forced
his body upward in the bunk. "The
Santa Marie adrift! the crew dead
from cholera? And the captain—Par-
dilla, Francis Pardilla—what of him?"

"He lay alone on a divan in the
cabin—dead also."

He tried to speak, but failed, his
fingers clawing at his throat. When
he finally gained utterance once more
it was but a whisper.

"Tell me," he begged, "there was no
woman with him?"

"There was no woman," I said
gravely, "on deck or in the cabin."

"What mean you by saying that?
There was one on board! Don't lie to
me! In an hour I am dead—but first
tell me the truth. Does the woman
live?"

"No, she died before. We found her
body in a chest, preserved by some
devilish Indian art, richly dressed and
decked with jewels."

"I judged her so, but with dark hair
and eyes. You knew her?"

"In the name of all the fiends, yes.
And I know her end. He killed her—
Pardilla killed her—because she was
as false to him as she had been to me.
He was gone now—gone!"

I yet held Dorothy's hand tightly
clasped in my own, and the depths of
her uplifted eyes questioned me.

"We will go afloat, dear, and I will tell
you the whole story," I said gently,
"for now we are homeward bound."

I write these few closing lines a year
later in the cabin of the Ocean Spray,
a three master, full to the hatches
with a cargo of tobacco, bound for
London, and a market. Dorothy is on
deck, eagerly watching for the first
glimpse of the chalk cliffs of old
England. I must join her presently,
yet linger below to add these final
sentences.

There is, after all, little which needs
to be said. The voyage of the Santa
Marie north proved uneventful, and,
after that first night of storm, the
weather held pleasant and the sea
fairly smooth. I had some trouble with
the men, but nothing serious, as Watkins
and Haines held as I did, and the
pledge of Dorothy's influence brought
courage. I refused to open the chest,
believing our safety, and chance of
pardon, would depend largely on our

handing this over in good faith to the
authorities. Watkins and I guarded
it night and day until the schooner
rounded the cape and came into the
Chesapeake. No attempt was made
to find quarters below, the entire crew
sleeping on deck. Dorothy comfortable
on that flag locker.

It was scarcely sunrise, on the fifth
day, when we dropped anchor against
the current of the James, our sails
furled and the red English colors flying
from the peak. Two hours later
the entire company were in the presence
of the governor, where I told my
story, gravely listened to, supplement-
ed by the earnest plea of the young
woman. I shall never forget that
scene, or how breathlessly we awaited
the decision of the great man, who so
closely watched our faces. They were
surely a strange, rough group as they
stood thus, hats in hand, waiting to
learn their fate. shaggy-haired, un-
shaven, largely scum of the sea, never
before in such presence, shuffling uneas-
ily before his glance, feeling to the
full the peril of their position. Their
eyes turned to me questioningly.

Opposite us, behind a long table, sat
the governor, dignified, austere, his
hair powdered and face smoothly
shaven; while on either side of him
were those of his council, many of the
faces stern and unforgiving. But for
their gracious reception of Dorothy
and their careful attention to her
words I should have lost heart. They
questioned me shrewdly, although the
governor spoke but seldom, and then in
a kindly tone of sympathy and under-
standing. One by one the men were
called forward, each in turn com-
pelled to tell briefly the story of his
life; and when all was done the eyes of
the governor sought those of the
council.

"You have all alike heard the tale," he said,
"gentlemen," he said. "Nothing like it
hath ever before been brought before
this colony. Would you leave decision
to me?"

There was a murmur of assent, as
though they were thus gladly relieved
of responsibility in so serious a matter.
The governor smiled, his hand hovering
over the table, and then, with extended
hand he bade Dorothy watch us.

"The story is seemingly an honest
one," he said slowly, "and these men
have done a great service to the
colony. They deserve reward rather
than punishment. The fair lady who
pleads for them is known to us all,
and to even question her word is im-
possible. Unfortunately I have not
the power of pardon in cases of piracy,
nor authority to free bond slaves, with-
out the approval of the home govern-
ment; yet will exercise in this case
whatsoever power I possess. For
gallant services rendered to the colony,
and unselfish devotion to Mistress
Dorothy Fairfax, I release Geoffry
Carlyle from servitude pending ad-
vices from England; I also grant pa-
tronage to these seamen, on condition
they remain within our jurisdiction
until this judgment can be confirmed
and full pardons issued. Is this judg-
ment satisfactory, gentlemen?"

The members of the council bowed
graciously, without speaking.

"The chest of treasure recovered
from the sunken pirate ship," he went
on soberly, "will remain unopened un-
til final decision is made. As I under-
stand, Master Carlyle, no one among
you has yet seen its contents, or esti-
mated its value?"

"No, your excellency. Beyond doubt
it contains the gold stolen from Roger
Fairfax; and possibly the result of
other robberies at sea."

"The law of England is that a certain
percentage of such recovered treasure
belongs to the crown, the remainder,
its true ownership undetermined, to be
fairly divided among those recovering it."

"Tell," spoke up Dorothy quickly, "it
must surely be possible to waive all
claim in such cases?"

"Certainly; as private property it
can be disposed of in any way desired.
Was that your thought?"

"A Fairfax always pays his debt,"
she said proudly, "and this is mine."

There was a moment's silence as
though each one present hesitated to
speak. She had risen, and yet stood,
but with eyes lowered to the floor.
Then they were lifted and met mine
in all frank honesty.

"There is another debt I owe," she
said clearly, "and would pay, your ex-
cellency."

"What is that, fair mistress?"

She crossed to me, her hand upon
my arm.

"To become the wife of Geoffry Car-
lyle."

THE END.

NOW RAISES 600 CHICKENS

After Being Relieved of Organic Trouble by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Oregon, Ill.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for an organic trouble which pulled me down until I could not put my foot to the floor and could scarcely do my work, and as I live on a small farm and raise six hundred chickens every year it made it very hard for me."

"I saw the Compound advertised in our paper, and tried it. It has restored my health so I can do all my work and I am so grateful that I am recommending it to my friends."—Mrs. D. M. ALTERS, R. R. 4, Oregon, Ill.

Only women who have suffered the tortures of such troubles and have dragged along from day to day can realize the relief which this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, brought to Mrs. Alters.

Women everywhere in Mrs. Alters' condition should profit by her recommendation, and if there are any complications write Lydia E. Pinkham's Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.

OLD AGE STARTS WITH YOUR KIDNEYS

Science says that old age begins with weakened kidneys and digestive organs.

This being true, it is easy to believe that by keeping the kidneys and digestive organs cleansed and in proper working order old age can be deferred and life prolonged far beyond that enjoyed by the average person.

For over 200 years GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been relieving the weaknesses and disability due to advancing years. It is a standard old-time home remedy and needs no introduction. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil is inclosed in odorless, tasteless capsules containing about 5 drops each. Take them as you would a pill, with a swallow of water. The oil stimulates the kidney.

Father's Little Joke.

I was absent from high school one day. The next day I asked my father, who loves a joke, to write an excuse for me. He did so, and in my hurry I forgot to look at it before handing it to my teacher. She took the note, read it, looked at me, and read it again. I began to feel that something was wrong. Finally she handed me the note. It read: "Please turn Betty over to your checkerboard apron. She needs it."—Exchange.

Objected to "Parking."

My laundress' young son brings my laundry home in his little wagon, writes a correspondent. The other evening he had his little baby sister along, and left her sitting in the wagon while he brought the basket in the house.

The baby started to cry and I said: "What's the matter with her?"

"Oh, she wants to come with me; she never does stand for being parked," he replied.

Roughing It."

Hostess—Now, everybody, you'll have to drink your champagne out of Burgundy glasses, and the caviar hasn't come, but I know you don't mind roughing it.—Life.

Noncommittal.

"How are they selling things in that bazaar?"

"Oh, at a fair price."

Friendship is a good deal like your credit. The less used the better it is.

An Apology.

Whether the following excerpt from the Williamsville (N. D.) Item is a bona fide apology, or only the work of the office humorist, it has originality:

"We wish to apologize to Mrs. Overholt. In our paper last week we had as a headline 'Mrs. Overholt's Big Feet.' The word we ought to have used is a French word, pronounced the same way, but spelled 'fete.' It means a celebration, and is considered a very tony word."

Found.

Colonel Breckinridge of the Navy League was talking in New York about a stern father.

"He's stern, entirely too stern," he said. "In fact, the old boy's raving now—raving mad against his son."

"He sent his son off to New York last week you know, and told him to be among friends. They had only taken their dog with them."

Sir Benjamin Bacon and Sir Pervil Pork, now two of the leading pigs of the pig pen were having a fight over some food, but Mr. Red Crown Rooster was paying no attention to them. Nick and Nancy had been feeding all the animals and now they were listening to Mr. Rooster, who was talking at the top of his voice, or crowing, as his talk is usually called.

"In the good old days," said Mr. Rooster, "folks paid attention to me."

They may think a lot of Miss Fidgety Fashionable Hen now that her eggs have become so scarce, but they don't pay half enough attention to a good-natured, kindly old rooster.

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"This one had the usual horrid horn attached to it and how that horn did toot. I hurried out of the way and I was almost nearly run over. Dear me, but it was a narrow escape. I might have lost my life. Truly, they did warn me they were coming."

"But what uppish creatures motors are. The very idea of telling a fellow to get out of the way in such a rude manner. And think of the service I have always done people."

"I have awakened them in the morning. True, they have grumbled. They have said that just because I was an early riser it was no reason I should try to wake people up. But I knew what was good for them."

"I knew they shouldn't be staying in bed so long. I knew they should be getting up and enjoying the sunlight and working and not wasting time."

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"Not a bit of it. I've heard people say,

"Oh, I could have killed that old alarm clock this morning. I was having a nice sleep and it didn't care, in the least!"

"Now, the alarm clock was doing its duty. It was seeing that whoever was in the room with it wasn't late. That was most important. So I feel a friendly feeling for the alarm clock for I have been abused, too."

"But I could stand all that if only I could still be the king of the barn yard. Now that motors have come along the motor horn is treating us all as slaves, making us rush this way and that, from one side of the road to the other. I am against all things modern. I'm for the good old days when a crowing rooster was thought to be a creature worth while."

"It may be all right for Miss Fidgety Fashionable Hen to live in these modern days, but they are sad days for the rooster."

"What are you crowing about, old Red Crown?" asked Nick.

"Yes, you have a lot to say for yourself," said Nancy.

"I'm dreading the summer and the automobiles," said Red Crown.

"But the summer has just past," said Nancy, "you shouldn't be so upset, and you do seem upset about something. I guess I'll give you an extra handful of grain."

"I'm dreading next summer," said Red Crown, "but I feel a little better now. I've two good friends in a good old barnyard, after all. Maybe the automobile will go out of date and the motor birds of the air, the airplanes will take their places. Then they'll toot their horns for creatures to get off the clouds and the good old roosters of the barnyard will rule as they used to rule. In that case I'm for the days to come."

"But I do dread next summer, for this last one has been a hard, hard one," he ended.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By Mary Graham Bonner

THE ROOSTER'S IDEAS.

Nick and Nancy had come home again. They had left their cousins feeling very happy for all now were such good friends, and they were better friends than ever before after the visit, which made everything very nice to tell to Daddy. Some of the animals from the barnyard belonging to the house where the cousins lived, had been taken over by Daddy, for the cousins were going to move to the city, and they wanted their animals to be among friends. They had only taken their dog with them.

Sir Benjamin Bacon and Sir Pervil Pork, now two of the leading pigs of the pig pen were having a fight over some food, but Mr. Red Crown Rooster was paying no attention to them.

Nick and Nancy had been feeding all the animals and now they were listening to Mr. Rooster, who was talking at the top of his voice, or crowing, as his talk is usually called.

"In the good old days," said Mr. Rooster, "folks paid attention to me."

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"But what uppish creatures motors are. The very idea of telling a fellow to get out of the way in such a rude manner. And think of the service I have always done people."

"I have awakened them in the morning. True, they have grumbled. They have said that just because I was an early riser it was no reason I should try to wake people up. But I knew what was good for them."

"I knew they shouldn't be staying in bed so long. I knew they should be getting up and enjoying the sunlight and working and not wasting time."

"I feel a friendly feeling for that alarm clock Nick and Nancy talk about. That alarm clock gets abused too. It seems to my rooster mind that alarm clocks lead very sad lives. They see that children aren't late to school and that men aren't late to business and that ladies see that the breakfast is on time but do they get thanked for it?"

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"But I could stand all that if only I could still be the king of the barn yard. Now that motors have come along the motor horn is treating us all as slaves, making us rush this way and that, from one side of the road to the other. I am against all things modern. I'm for the good old days when a crowing rooster was thought to be a creature worth while."

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Red Crown Gasoline

And STANDARD OIL Products.

SIERRA MADRE GARAGE, Sole Agents.
Milton Steinberger, Prop. Phone Main 110J. C. WHYTE
Transfer and Express

FURNITURE MOVING A SPECIALTY.

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REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE

Now is the time for my neighbors to get a home in Sierra Madre before prices advance. \$1700 buys a nice modern, plastered house, partly furnished. Do you want to save on Fire Insurance? Note when your policy expires and see.

A. N. ADAMS

Phone Black 8.

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ANDREWS & HAWKS
Real Estate, Loans and Insurance

Exchange 2

27 North Baldwin Avenue

Roofing Paper



Three Grades—1-2-3 Fly in each grade. Ranging in Price from \$2.00 to \$5.50 per Sq.

THE L. W. BLINN LUMBER CO.
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Automobile for Hire!

FIVE-PASSENGER OVERLAND

Anywhere — Any Time — Night Calls A Specialty
Rates \$2.00 per Hour
Special Rates by the Day—Minimum for Day Calls, 25c
After 9:00 p. m., Minimum 50c

H. A. BINFORD

N. E. Cor. Highland and Mt. Trail Phone Black 122

Buy Poultry Feed,
Grain, Hay,POULTRY REMEDIES, HOG FEED, ETC., AT
LOWEST PRICES

J. W. STRICKLAND

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The trials of driving in the traffic prove the quality of Red Crown gasoline. Look for the Red Crown sign before you fill.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(California)

The Gasoline
of Quality



O R GOOD, Spl. Agt., Standard Oil Co., Monrovia, California

SIERRA MADRE NEWS

J. F. WHITING, Editor and Publisher
MRS. W. R. LEES, Local Editor

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Sierra Madre, Cal.

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Front page, per inch..... 25c

Wantads, per line..... 05c

Subscription \$2.00, Yearly in Advance

Six months..... \$1.00

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Telephone - - - - - Black 42

BEAUTY

There's beauty in all flowers that bloom,
The trees that give us shade;

In all things, not obscured by gloom,
That we, ourselves, have made.

God gave us means for joy and peace,
But we, to claim our share;

Must self-absorbing vision cease,

Seek views, that charm, elsewhere.
A kindly thought for others' weal,
Small deeds to lighten care;

And brighten gloom that others feel,
Sow, seed, may beauty bear.

—A. L. Soran.

AT THE CHURCHES

Church of the Ascension

The Rev. Wm. Carson Shaw, Rector

Sunday Services.

Holy Communion, 8:00 a. m.

Sunday School, 9:45 a. m.

Morning Prayer, 11:00 a. m.

Choir practise Friday evening at 7:30.
The rector will preach at the 11

o'clock service, subject 'Some Aspects

of the General Convention.'

ORDER OF ST. CATHERINE.

The order of St. Catherine of the Church of the Ascension held their regular meeting at the home of Miss T. H. Graham last Tuesday evening. A busy evening was spent in making arrangements for the part they will take in the coming bazaar.

In response to a call last week for preserves for the Los Angeles Orphans Home, the Order of St. Catherine collected and sent in over two dozen quarts of jam.

Until further notice, meetings will be held once a week, the next meeting at the home of Miss Martha Shaw.

Congregational
"A Community Church"
Chas. C. Wilson, Minister
129 W. Central. Phone Green 36.
Mr. Wilson will preach at both morning and evening services.

Bethany

Dr. A. W. Rawlings, Pastor.
Bethany church enjoyed the introduction just started Sunday morning on the second coming of Christ. The church was filled and the interested audience was busy looking up scripture references and taking notes. In the evening the church was filled to its capacity. This is a wonderful opportunity to study the scripture as set forth by one of our most eminent preachers and Bible students.

Christian Science Society
Christian Science Society of Sierra Madre holds services in the Woman's Club House. Sunday at 11 a. m.

Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

Testimony meeting, Wednesday, 8

o'clock p. m.

Sunday for Sunday morning:

"Doctrines of Atonement."

* * * * *
Canning and preserving be-
comes a pleasure when Natural
Gas, Natures Richest Prod-
uct is at your service.

* * * * *

THE WOMAN'S CLUB.

By Mrs. Palmer Rhodes.

The one o'clock luncheon with which the members of the Woman's Club were most graciously ushered into the new club season, was a success in every detail. Mrs. Walter Lynch, chairman of decorations, and her able committee, had transformed the dining room into a bower of beauty, making effective use of profusion of autumn leaves and dahlias of varied hues. The luncheon which was prepared by Mrs. Turner of Pasadena sustained the reputation Mrs. Turner has for some years held in Sierra Madre and was quietly and efficiently served by a number of the eighth grade girls. At the close of the luncheon, the president, Mrs. Walker, made a few interesting remarks, welcoming the club members back to their club home, urging them to more and greater success and giving repeated assurances of her willingness to cooperate with them, to make this a successful year.

Mrs. Jack Wright and Mrs. Frank Wright, both past presidents of the club, when called upon by the president, made a few remarks of greeting, and Mrs. M. D. Welsher gave a most gracious welcome to the large

number of new members.

Mrs. Sidney Thomas Exley, president of the Federation, then took the floor and in concise well-chosen words gave an insight into the plans of the future club activity. Two new committees, of which great things are even now being accomplished, are the Americanization and the Federal Service committees, and the Thrift Department, which is Mrs. Exley's own idea, and was installed through her efforts, has according to her enthusiastic elucidation, a most wonderful outlook. Mrs. Exley most emphatically urged the establishing of a dramatic section to the club and in her remarks disclosed herself to be not only a lover of, but a student of the drama. Following Mrs. Exley's pleasing remarks, the club adjourned to the assembly rooms, where the president almost immediately opened the afternoon program.

Miss Knapp of Alhambra, who anticipates starting a dancing class in Sierra Madre in the immediate future, presented three of her pupils for the opening number as follows:

Caprice Dance—Ella Rollins.

A French Baby—Vivian Markle.

The Water Nymph—Mary Barstow.

Each one showed remarkable ease and grace, thereby giving silent testimony to the efficiency of her teacher, and paving the way for the wonderful speaker of the afternoon, Mrs. Lillian Burkhardt Goldsmith, of Los Angeles. Mrs. Goldsmith chose as the subject of her remarks "The Art of the Theatre," and as she became more and more enthused in her subject, she gradually lifted her hearers out of the Woman's Club house and carried them with her into the great theatre of the past, where one by one, she introduced in her rich, mellow tones, with most gracious and sincere words of appreciation, the actors and actresses of the pure drama, who in maintaining that sweetness and purity—doubly endeared themselves to the American public.

Her rendition of "The Marriage Game," a comedy written by Anna Crawford Flexler of Iowa, was indeed splendid, and the moral lurking in situations at once ridiculous and pathetic was a memorable lesson for all. Reluctantly and with repeated applause the audience finally released Mrs. Goldsmith, thereby concluding a most delightful afternoon program. The next meeting of the club will be on Monday, Oct. 27, in the club house.

NEWS WANTED
LINERS

TO LOAN—All or part of \$2,000 at 7 per cent. Andrews & Hawks. Telephone Exchange 2. 51

FURNITURE WANTED — Highest price paid for second hand furniture. Spot cash. Goldberg. Phone Black 142. 171 N. Adams St. 1f

GOATS FOR SALE—Three-year old Toggenburg doe, grade 3-4; five quart milker, for \$150, and her doe kid four months old, grade 7-8, \$50; both for \$175. Phone, Green 118.

LOT FOR SALE—Fine building lot, near school, shade, ornamental and fruit trees, 50 ft. x 115. Price \$500. Terms if desired. W. F. News.

DANCING LESSONS — Class for adults in ball-room dancing at Kindergarten building on Monday evening, October 13th, from eight to nine. For particulars, phone Black 90.

WANT TO RENT—Five or six room house, furnished. Apply at the "News" office. 54*

FOUND—In front of News office on Friday, a set of upper false teeth. Owner may have same by paying for this ad. 54—

FOR SALE—Sierra Madre daily paper route; Los Angeles Times 3rd Examiner, joint agency.

TURKEYS FOR SALE—Nice, fat young, corn-fed turkeys, 45c per pound. 65 E. Laurel Ave. 3p

WANTED TO BUY...Baby's bed and chicken house. 24 N. Hermosa Ave. 3p.

STORES FOR RENT—Two choice stores for rent in brick building. See A. N. Adams. 3ctf

SELL YOUR HOME—If you are thinking of selling your home, see A. N. Adams. 3ctf

FOR SALE—Splendid residence, two story seven room Chalet. Completely modern. Open fireplace and other built-in features, large cement cellar, three fine bed-rooms upstairs, one a special open air sleeping room. Also large open balcony. One of the finest views of the valley and mountains. Lot 100 by 150. Grounds highly improved, ornamental and shade trees. Over 36 full bearing orange and fruit trees. 276 Santa Anita Court.

54*

M. D. WELSHER
Central Market

Fresh Meats, Vegetables and Groceries

Specials for Saturday Only.

JUST RECEIVED NEW CROP WALNUTS

1 lb 40c, 2 lbs 75c, 5 lbs \$1.75

50 BOXES OF ORANGES

For Saturday at, per picking box, 75c

New Crop Fig Bars, per lb 30c

Bellfleur Apples, 4 lbs, 25c

New Raisins, 16 oz package, 15c

Shoulder Pot Roasts, per lb 22c

FRESH FISH FRIDAYS.

WE CLOSE THURSDAY AT 12 O'CLOCK.

M. D. WELSHER
Grocery Phone Main 6 Market Phone Main 97

Olsen's Shoe Shop

RUBBERS...For Men, Women and Children. Men's Rubber Boots and Rain Hats. Protect Yourselves against the "Flu." and Grippe.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED

34 BALDLWIN AVE.

HENRY OLSEN

Automobile Tops, Tires,
Batteries, Vulcanizing,
Retreading that lasts.

Sierra Madre work solicited. Work called for and delivered.

A SQUARE DEAL TO ALL.

Common Sense Tire and Auto
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34 WEST UNION ST., PASADENA

Near City Hall

FOR GOOD WORK

Let J. D. Tucker do your Painting, Tinting and Decorating, Fine Interior Finish Work and all kinds of Sign Painting, Gilding, etc.

J. D. TUCKER, Painting Contractor
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Southland Linen Bond—Plain or Ruled—at Attractive Prices.

COME IN AND SEE THEM.

The Sierra Madre Pharmacy

F. H. HARTMAN & SON
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMISTS

25 N. Baldwin Ave.

Phone Black 25

Box and Bulk Candies

FRESH EACH WEEK.

ICE CREAM, SOFT DRINKS, CANDIES, MAGAZINES,
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

DROP IN

First Door East P. O. Pettitt's News Stand
Phone Green 85

New Service Cars

We have just purchased new five and seven passenger cars to add to our livery service so that we are prepared to take care of all calls, long or short hauls.

POPULAR PRICES PREVAIL

Special rates to responsible parties by the week or month.
Calls promptly answered, Day or Night

Sierra Madre Garage

Milton Steinberger, Prop.
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PHONE MAIN 110

WHEATENA

Wheatena multiplies itself seven times when cooked. A carton which costs 25c makes eight pounds of most nourishing and appetizing breakfast food. When you buy Wheatena ask for a recipe booklet. Learn the many ways in which it can be prepared.

WHEATENA, 1 lb, 3 oz CARTON, EACH 25c

Specials for Saturday Only

Pime Rib Beef Roast, the lb.....	.25
Pure Lard, the lb.....	.35
Best Creamery Butter, the lb.....	.73
Borden's Evaporated Milk, large can,.....	.14
New Crop Salinas Potatoes, 10 lbs.....	.35

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES FRESH EVERY MORNING.

OPEN ALL DAY ON THURSDAYS.

Sierra Madre Department Store

Established 1887.

S. R. NORRIS, Prop.
Phone Black 12 291 W. Central Ave.

Used Automobiles

If you are figuring on buying a used car you cannot afford to miss looking over our stock. Every car carries our reputation and we guarantee each one to be exactly as represented.

Spot Cash for Used Cars

We will pay spot cash for your used car. No quibbling or stalling. Drive your car in and walk out with the cash. See us before you buy or sell. You can do better here—either way....

Robert J. McNabb,

2526 E. Colorado St. Lamanda Park, Cal.

Chicken Feed.

Get your COULSON EGG MASH and BUTTERMILK MASH from us. There is nothing better. TRY IT.

Sierra Madre Feed & Fuel Co.

A. OLSEN, Prop. 97 E. Montecito.

PURE MILK

Phone us for pure sanitary Milk, Cream and Buttermilk. Early delivery—always there in time for breakfast.

BEMAY DAIRY

ROBT W. GRADY, Prop.

Phone, Green 85.

A. Hoegée and son Vinton are hunting near Lone Pine.

Earl Topping and L. E. Steinberger are at the Swiligan cabin for a few days.

Frank Hildebrandt spent a week's vacation near Roberts' Camp recently.

Miss Avis Preston arrived home Tuesday after a month's visit with friends in the northern part of the state.

Mrs. Mary North of South Lima St. has returned home after spending several months with relatives in Minnesota.

George Kelly of Pasadena, formerly of Sierra Madre, was in town Tuesday and says the truck business is flourishing.

The Dickens Fellowship will meet next Wednesday, Oct. 22nd, with Miss Ida Munsell at the home of Miss Thomasella Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hayden of Mira Monte Ave., left this week for Chicago and New York. Mr. Hayden is connected with a large fur house.

Mrs. Edith Bradfield and little daughter and Mrs. W. M. Hoenick and little son of Hollywood were guests Thursday of Mrs. M. Timberlake.

Miss Frances Ralston of Pasadena was the guest of Mrs. Palmer Rhodes for dinner last Friday evening, and later attended the dance at the club house.

Miss Marion Vannier and Miss Florence Vannier were entertained with luncheon at the home of Mrs. John W. Hart of San Marino on Wednesday.

Mrs. E. F. Oswald of Palo Alto, who has just returned from the east on business for the government, was visiting his brother, Mr. George Oswald, last Monday.

Mrs. S. R. Owen and sister, Miss Grace Mathews, who have been spending a month in Sierra Madre Canyon Park, left last Wednesday for their home in Fullerton.

On Oct. 22nd, at eight P. M. at the City Hall, the annual meeting of the Red Cross will be held, for the purpose of electing the executive board for the ensuing year.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Glenn and family left on Tuesday for Waco, Texas, and expect to make their home there. They have resided in Sierra Madre for the past four months.

J. Wade Brunson has a position with the W. P. Herbert Co., distributors of the Cleveland cars at Los Angeles. He has charge of the service and demonstration departments.

George K. Bourke of San Gabriel court returned home Saturday after spending several weeks at Monterey.

Miss Edna Maxgood of North Lima St., has gone to Paso Robles for an extended stay.

News has been received from Capt. J. A. Osgood, who left recently to attend the G. A. R. convention. He and Mrs. Osgood are enjoying a visit with relatives in Boston and vicinity before returning home.

The Ancient Priscillas will meet at the home of Mrs. J. G. Blumer on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 21st.

Mr. William Walker is assisting in A. N. Adams' real estate office. He has lately arrived here from Oregon.

The many friends of Mrs. J. M. Sullivan will be glad to know that she has opened a millinery shop at 56 S. Los Robles Ave., Pasadena. Mrs. Sullivan was in business in Sierra Madre for a number of years and just recently moved to Pasadena.

ROYALTY IN SIERRA MADRE.

King Albert, Queen Elizabeth and the Crown Prince of Belgium will be entertained at the home of Mrs. Anita Baldwin today.

The school children will march to the Baldwin place at 11 o'clock and line up where they can get a good look at the royal party.

VISITOR LIVED HERE

TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO. M. L. Frank of Pasadena, was a caller at the News office yesterday, inquiring about the old-timers of this place.

Twenty-eight years ago Mr. Frank was the printer who did the mechanical work on the "Vista", the newspaper of the town at that time. In speaking of old times, yesterday, he related many incidents that were interesting from a historic standpoint and expressed his surprise at the beauty of modern Sierra Madre. After getting the location of old residents who were here when he was a resident, he started out to make the rounds and renew old acquaintances.

HIVES HOME TO MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Mrs. E. Wood Davis returned on Wednesday from her Mt. Hermon home in Santa Cruz Co. She hopes to remain in her Sierra Madre home during the winter. Her "Pansy Place" at Mt. Hermon is to be the Missionary Home for the Pacific branch of Congregational Church. The place is illustrious as the former home of "Pansy" (Mrs. Geo. Alden) the writer of 106 books of earnest Christian character. Mrs. Davis has deeded the place, furnished, to the Missionary Society.

DIED.

Mrs. Regina Muller died Thursday, October 16th at the age of 38 years, at the family residence, 395 W. Mariposa Ave. Funeral services will be held Saturday morning at 9 o'clock at the Catholic Church. Burial will take place at the Calvary Cemetery, Los Angeles.

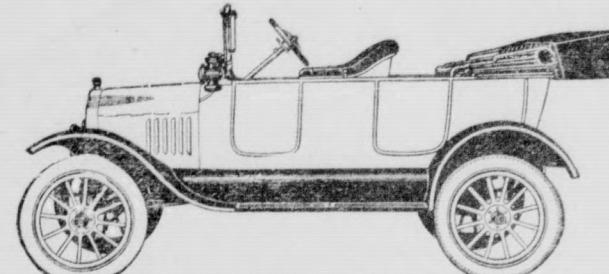
Surviving her are a husband, Chas. J. Muller, two sons, Jerome and Edwin, and three sisters, Miss Adelaid Vanden Brooks of Sierra Madre, Mrs. J. A. McDonald, Mrs. J. W. Meaghan of Bay City, Mich., and one brother, John C. Vanden Brooks, also of Bay City.

AUTOMOBILE TOPS.

Better let us put on one of our famous quality tops before it rains again. Our prices are the lowest and we give A SQUARE DEAL TO ALL. Common Sense Tire and Auto Equipment Co. 34 W. Union St. Phone, Colo. 1970, Pasadena, Cal.

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Mothers who appreciate the necessity of having their children properly shod will be interested in our specialized Foot Form Shoes, built by specialists who understand the anatomy of children's feet. They are made of best wearing leather, strongly stitched on oak soles.

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Sizes 6 to 8 \$3.25
8 1/2 to 11 3.75
Sizes 8 1/2 to 11 4.50
Sizes 11 1/2 to 2 4.00
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WANTED—Have good home for elderly lady, small salary, in exchange for light service in home. No small children. No washing. Address, Mrs. Stelle, 524 El Dorado St. Pasadena, Cal.

For satisfaction in canning
berries and preserving fruit
this month, use Natural Gas.

ANNIVERSARY GREETING

One Year Old SATURDAY, Oct. 18, '19 One Year Old

All Goods At Reduced Prices During This Celebration.

FREE SOUVENIR To All

free, as a souvenir of the occasion and also every article in the store that is sold tomorrow, will be at less than the regular price. The souvenir Change Purse is not a cheap one, by any means, but is made of good leather with ornamental metal top and clasp. Come and get one and stock up in groceries fruits and vegetables at a saving. I sincerely thank you all for your patronage and ask a continuance of the same.

Sierra Madre,
California.

C. M. NOMURA, Grocer.

The Magnificent Ambersons

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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CHAPTER XV—Continued.

—11—

"I'm not sure, Georgie. When I was your age I was like you in many ways, especially in not being very cool-headed, so I can't say. Youth can't be trusted for much, except asserting itself and fighting and making love."

"Indeed!" George snorted. "May I ask what you think I ought to have done?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?" George echoed, mockingly. "I suppose you think I mean to let my mother's good name—"

"Your mother's good name!" Amberson cut him off impatiently. "Nobody has a good name in a bad mouth. Nobody has a good name in a silly mouth, either. Well, your mother's name was in some silly mouths, and all you've done was to go and have a scene with the worst old woman gossip in the town—a scene that's going to make her into a partisan against your mother, whereas she was a mere prattler before. Don't you suppose she'll be all over town with this tomorrow? And she'll see to it that everybody who's hinted anything about poor Isabel will know that you're on the warpath; and that will put them on the defensive and make them vicious. The story will grow as it spreads and—"

George unfolded his arms to strike his right fist into his left palm. "But do you suppose I'm going to tolerate such things?" he shouted. "What do you suppose I'll be doing?"

"You can do absolutely nothing," said Amberson. "Nothing of any use. The more you do the more harm you'll do."

"You'll see! I'm going to stop this thing if I have to force my way into every house on National avenue and Amberson boulevard!"

His uncle laughed rather sourly but made no other comment.

"Well, what do you propose to do?" George demanded. "Do you propose to sit there?"

"Yes."

"—and let this riffraff bandy my mother's good name back and forth among them? Is that what you propose to do?"

"It's all I can do," Amberson returned. "It's all any of us can do: just sit still and hope that the thing may die down in time in spite of your stirring up that awful old woman."

George drew a long breath, then advanced and stood close before his uncle. "Didn't you understand me when I told you that people are saying my mother means to marry this man?"

"Yes, I understood you."

"You say that my going over there has made matters worse?" George went on. "How about it if such a—such an unspeakable marriage did take place? Do you think that would make people believe they'd been wrong in saying—know what they say?"

"No," said Amberson deliberately; "I don't believe it would. But it wouldn't hurt Isabel and Eugene, if they never heard of it; and if they did hear of it, then they could take their choice between placating gossip or living for their own happiness. If they have decided to marry—"

George almost staggered. "Good heaven!" he gasped. "You speak of it calmly!"

Amberson looked up at him inquisitively. "Why shouldn't they marry if they want to?" he asked. "It's their own affair. I don't see anything precisely monstrous about two people getting married when they're both free and care about each other. What's the matter with their marrying?"

"It would be monstrous!" George shouted. "Monstrous even if this horrible thing hadn't happened, but now in the face of this—oh, that you can sit there and even speak of it! Your own sister! Oh—" He became incoherent, swinging away from Amberson and making for the door, wildly gesturing.

"For heaven's sake don't be so theoretical!" said his uncle, and then, seeing that George was leaving the room: "Come back here. You mustn't speak to your mother of this!"

"Don't 'tend to," George said indistinctly, and he plunged into the big, dimly lit hall. He went home and got a hat and overcoat without seeing either his mother or Fanny. Then he left word that he would be out for dinner and hurried away from the house.

He walked the dark streets of Amberson addition for an hour, then went downtown and got coffee at a restaurant. After that he walked through the lighted parts of the town until ten o'clock, when he turned north and came back to the purloins of the Addition. He walked fiercely, though his feet ached, but by and by he turned homeward, and, when he reached the Major's, went in and sat upon the steps of the huge stone veranda in front—an obscure figure in that lonely and repellent place. All lights were out at the Major's, and finally, after twelve, he saw his mother's window darken at home.

He waited half an hour longer, then crossed the front yards of the new

houses and let himself noiselessly in the front door. The light in the hall had been left burning, and another in his own room, as he discovered when he got there. He locked the door quickly and without noise, but his fingers were still upon the key when there was a quick footfall in the hall outside.

"George, dear?"

He went to the other end of the room before replying.

"Yes?"

"I'd been wondering where you were, dear."

"Had you?"

There was a pause; then she said timidly: "Wherever it was, I hope you had a pleasant evening."

After a silence, "Thank you," he said without expression.

Another silence followed before she spoke again.

"You wouldn't care to be kissed good night, I suppose?" And with a little flurry of placative laughter she added: "At your age of course!"

"I'm going to bed now," he said. "Good night."

Another silence seemed blander than those which had preceded it, and finally her voice came—it was blank, too.

"Good night."

After he was in bed his thoughts became more tumultuous than ever; while among all the inchoate and fragmentary sketches of this dreadful day, now rising before him the clearest was of his uncle collapsed in a big chair with a white tie dangling from his hand; and one conviction, following upon that picture, became definite in George's mind: that his Uncle George Amberson was a hopeless dreamer, from whom no help need be expected, an amiable imbecile lacking in normal impulses, and wholly useless in a struggle which required honor to be defended by a man of action.

Then would return a vision of Mrs. Johnson's furious round head, set behind her great bosom like the sun far

sunk on the horizon of a mountain plateau and her crackling, asthmatic voice. . . . "Without sharing in other people's disposition to put an evil interpretation on what may be nothing more than unfortunate appearance" . . . "Other people may be less considerate in not confining their discussion of it, as I have, to charitable views." . . . And then George would get up again—and again—and pace the floor in his bare feet.

That was what the tormented young man was doing when daylight came gauntly in at his window—pacing the floor, rubbing his head in his hands, and muttering:

"It can't be true: this can't be happening to me!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Breakfast was brought to him in his room as usual; but he did not make his normal healthy raid upon the dainty tray: the food remained untouched, and he sustained himself upon coffee—four cups of it, which left nothing of value inside the glistening little percolator. During this process he heard his mother being summoned to the telephone in the hall, not far from his door, and then her voice responding: "Yes? Oh, it's you! . . . Indeed I should! . . . Then I'll expect you about three. . . . Yes. . . . Goodby till then." A few minutes later he heard her speaking to someone beneath his window, and, looking out, saw her directing the removal of plants from a small garden bed to the Major's conservatory for the winter. She laughed gayly with the Major's gardener over something he said, and this unconcerned cheerfulness of hers was terrible to her son.

He went to his desk, and, searching the jumbled contents of a drawer, brought forth a large, unframed photograph of his father, upon which he gazed long and piteously, till at last hot tears stood in his eyes. "Poor, poor father!" the son whispered brokenly. "Poor man, I'm glad you didn't know!"

He wrapped the picture in a sheet of newspaper, put it under his arm, and, leaving the house hurriedly and steadily, went downtown to the shop of a silversmith, where he spent sixty dollars on a resplendently festooned silver frame for the picture. Having lunched upon more coffee, he returned to the house at two o'clock, carrying the framed photograph with him, and placed it upon the center table in the library, the room most used by Isabel and Fanny and himself. Then he went to a front window of the long "reception room," and sat looking out through the lace curtains.

George looked often at his watch, but his vigil did not last an hour. At ten minutes of three, peering through the curtain, he saw an automobile stop in front of the house and Eugene Morgan jump lightly down from it. The car was of a new pattern, low and long, with an ample seat in the tonneau, facing forward; and a professional driver sat at the wheel, a strange figure in leather goggles out

of all personality and seemingly part of the mechanism.

Eugene himself, as he came up the cement path to the house, was a figure of the new era which was in time to be so disastrous to stiff hats and skirted coats; and his appearance afforded a debonair contrast to that of the queer-looking duck capering at the Amberson ball in an old dress coat, and next day chugging up National avenue through the snow in his nightmare of a sewing machine. Eugene this afternoon was richly clad in new outdoor mode; his motoring coat was soft gray fur; his cap and gloves were of gray suede, and though Lucy's hand may have shown itself in the selection of these high garnitures, he wore them easily, even with a becoming hint of jauntiness. Some change might be seen in his face, too, for a successful man is seldom to be mistaken, especially if his temper be genial. Eugene had begun to look like a millionaire.

But, above everything else, what was most evident about him, as he came up the path, was his confidence in the happiness promised by his present errand; the anticipation in his eyes could have been read by a stranger. His look at the door of Isabel's house was the look of a man who is quite certain that the next moment will reveal something ineffably charming, inexplicably dear.

When the bell rang George waited at the entrance of the "reception room" until a housemaid came through the hall on her way to answer the summons.

"You needn't mind, Mary," he told her. "I'll see who it is and what they want. Probably it's only a peddler."

"Thank you, sir, Mister George," said Mary, and returned to the rear of the house.

George went slowly to the front door and halted, regarding the misty silhouette of the caller upon the ornamental frosted glass. After a minute of waiting this silhouette changed outline so that an arm could be distinguished—an arm outstretched toward the bell, as if the gentleman outside doubted whether or not it had sounded and were minded to try again. But before the gesture was completed George abruptly threw open the door and stepped squarely upon the middle of the threshold.

A slight change shadowed the face of Eugene; his look of happy anticipation gave way to something formal and polite. "How do you do, George?" he said. "Mrs. Minnafar expects to go driving with me, I believe—if you'll be so kind as to send her word that I'm here."

George made not the slightest movement.

"No," he said.

Eugene was incredulous, even when his second glance revealed how hot of eye was the haggard young man before him. "I beg your pardon. I said—"

"I heard you," said George. "You said you had an engagement with my mother. I told you, No!"

Eugene gave him a steady look, and then he asked quietly: "What is the—the difficulty?"

George kept his own voice quiet enough, but that did not mitigate the vibrant fury of it. "My mother will

now or at any other time. Perhaps you'll understand—this!"

And with the last words he closed the door in Eugene's face.

Then, not moving away, he stood inside the door, and noted that the misty silhouette remained upon the frosted glass for several moments, as if the forbidden gentleman debated in his mind what course to pursue.

"Let him ring again!" George thought.

"Or try the side door—or the kitchen!"

But Eugene made no further attempt; the silhouette disappeared; footsteps could be heard withdrawing across the floor of the veranda; and George, returning to the window in the "reception room," was rewarded by the sight of an automobile manufacturer in baffled retreat, with all his wooring furs and fineries mocking him. Observing the heaviness of his movements as he climbed into the tonneau, George indulged in a sickish throat rumble which bore a distant cousinship to mirth.

He went to the library, and, seating himself beside the table whereon he had placed the photograph of his father, picked up a book, and pretended to be engaged in reading it.

Presently Isabel's buoyant step was heard descending the stairs. She came into the library, a fur coat over her arm, ready to put on, and two veils round her small black hat, her right hand engaged in buttoning the glove upon her left; and, as the large room contained too many pieces of heavy furniture, and the inside shutters excluded most of the light of day, she did not at once perceive George's presence. Instead, she went to the bay window at the end of the room, which afforded a view of the street, and glanced out expectantly; then bent her attention upon her glove; after that, looked out toward the street again, and turned toward the interior of the room.

"Why, George!"

She came, leaned over from behind him, and there was a faint, exquisite odor as from distant apple blossoms as she kissed his cheek. "Dear, I waited lunch almost an hour for you, but you didn't come! Did you lunch elsewhere?"

"Yes." He did not look up from the book.

"Did you have plenty to eat?"

"Yes."

A tinkling bell was audible, and she moved to the doorway into the hall. "I'm going out driving, dear. I—" She interrupted herself to address the housemaid, who was passing through the hall: "I think it's Mr. Morgan. Tell him I'll be there at once."

"Yes, ma'am."

Mary returned. "Twas a peddler, ma'am."

"Another one?" Isabel said, surprised. "I thought you said it was a peddler when the bell rang a little while ago."

"Mister George said it was, ma'am; he went to the door," Mary informed her, disappearing.

"There seem to be a great many of them," Isabel mused. "What did you want to sell, George?"

"He didn't say."

"You must have cut him off short!" she laughed; and then, still standing in the doorway, she noticed the big silver frame upon the table beside him. "Gracious, Georgie!" she exclaimed. "You have been investing!" and as she came across the room for a closer view, "Is it—Is it Lucy?" she asked half timidly, half archly. But the next instant she saw whose likeness was thus set forth in elegiac splendor—and she was silent, except for a long, just audible "Oh!"

He neither looked up nor moved.

"That was nice of you, Georgie," she said, in a low voice presently. "I ought to have had it framed, myself, when I gave it to you."

He said nothing, and, standing beside him, she put her hand gently upon his shoulder, then as gently withdrew it, and went out of the room. But she did not go upstairs; he heard the faint rustle of her dress in the hall, and then the sound of her footsteps in the "reception room." After a time, silence succeeded even these slight tokens of her presence; whereupon George rose and went warily into the hall, taking care to make no noise, and he obtained an oblique view of her through the open double doors of the "reception room." She was sitting in the chair which he had occupied so long; and she was looking out of the window expectantly—a little troubled.

He went back to the library, waited an interminable half hour, then returned noiselessly to the same position in the hall, where he could see her. She was still sitting patiently by the window.

Waiting for that man, was she? Well, it might be quite a long wait!

And the grim George silently ascended the stairs to his own room, and began to pace his suffering floor.

"I doubt if I could make it much plainer," George said, raising his voice slightly. "But I'll try. You're not wanted in this house, Mr. Morgan."

He was not much afraid that Mor-

gan would return, but he wished to make sure.

Mary appeared in the hall below him, but, after a glance toward the front of the house, turned back, and withdrew. Evidently Isabel had gone to the door. Then a murmur was heard, and George Amberson's voice, quick and serious: "I want to talk to you, Isabel" . . . and another murmur; then Isabel and her brother passed "the foot of the broad, dark stairway, but did not look up, and remained unconscious of the watchful presence above them.

For a time all that George could hear was the indistinct sound of his uncle's voice; what he was saying could not be surmised, though the troubled brotherhood of his tone was evident. He seemed to be explaining something at considerable length, and there were moments when he paused, and George guessed that his mother was speaking, but her voice must have been very low, for it was entirely inaudible to him.

Suddenly he did hear her. Through the heavy doors her outcry came, clear and loud:

"Oh, no!"

It was a cry of protest, as if something her brother told her must be untrue, or, if it were true, the fact he stated must be undone; and it was a sound of sheer pain.

Another sound of pain, close to George, followed it; this was a vehement sniffling which broke out just above him, and, looking up, he saw Fanny Minnafar on the landing, leaning over the banisters and applying her handkerchief to her eyes and nose.

"I can guess what that was about," she whispered huskily. "He's just told her what you did to Eugene!"

George gave her a dark look over his shoulder. "You go on back to your room!" he said; and he began to descend the stairs; but Fanny, guessing his purpose, rushed down and caught his arm, detaining him.

"You're not going in there?" she whispered huskily.

"Let go of me!"

But she clung to him savagely. "No, you don't, George Minnafar! You'll keep away from there! You will!"

"You let go of—"

Our Woman's Department

This Department is edited by Julia Bottomley, Associate Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, and Nellie Maxwell, a National authority on Domestic Economy, for the pleasure and profit of the Ladies of Sierra Madre and vicinity.—J. F. Whiting, Editor

The KITCHEN CABINET

Legend tells us of a man who was promised perfect happiness when he could change shirts with the first happy man he met, but when he met the happy man, he did not have a shirt.

DELECTABLE DINNERS.

A beginning for a company dinner which is beautiful to see and as good to eat, besides being easy to prepare, is

Fruit Cocktail.—Cut small balls from the heart of fine colored watermelon, fill stemmed glasses and pour over a syrup of sugar and water boiled to a honey-like consistency and flavored with orange or lemon juice and rind. Let stand until well chilled, serve garnished with a sprig of mint.

Crown Roast of Lamb.—Have the crown roast prepared at the market, having it large enough to hold, when serving, plenty of buttered peas for the number to be served. Wrap the bones carefully while roasting so that they will not be burned, with bits of salt pork; remove when ready to serve. When chestnuts are in season fill with a puree of chestnuts.

New potatoes, small, even sized ones, cooked until tender, rolled in melted butter and sprinkled with parsley are nice to serve with the roast, or potatoes shredded with a vegetable slicer into shoe strings and fried in deep fat may be put around the roast as a garnish.

Head Lettuce with Sherry's Dressing.—Wash the lettuce, drain on a cloth and see that it is perfectly free from water before serving. The dressing should never be placed on lettuce until just ready to serve, as it wilts the crisp salad vegetables. To prepare the dressing chop one small Spanish onion, add two tablespoonsfuls each of green and red pepper, chopped; one tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful each of powdered sugar and chopped parsley, a few dashes of cayenne, one quarter cup of vinegar and three-fourths of a cup of olive oil. Put into a Mason jar and shake for five minutes until well blended. Let stand one hour before using then shake again just as it is ready to serve.

Ginger Ice Cream.—To prepare this ice cream use the usual vanilla cream recipe, taking one tablespoonful of vanilla, one-half cup of Canton ginger cut in small pieces, three tablespoonsfuls of the syrup and freeze as usual. Use a sauce of the ginger syrup with chopped ginger if desired or the cream may be plain with the ginger sauce.

Not all on books their criticism waste, The genius of a dish, some justify taste, And eat their way to fame.

MEAT EXTENDERS AND OTHER GOOD THINGS.

A small portion of meat which flavors a dish will be satisfying, wholesome and economical.

Ragout of Lamb.

Measure the following ingredients: One-half cupful of dried peas, one pound from the flank of lamb, one quart of cold water, two sliced onions, one teaspoonful of salt, three cupfuls of potato cubes, one cupful of carrots, three tablespoonsfuls of flour, two teaspoonsfuls of Worcestershire sauce, two teaspoonsfuls of catsup, two teaspoonsfuls of lemon juice, two teaspoonsfuls of chopped parsley, pepper and paprika to taste. Pick over the peas and soak over night in cold water to cover. Wipe the meat, remove bones, cut the meat in small pieces and brown in a frying pan with sliced onions. Cover the bones with one quart of cold water, add the soaked peas, bring to boiling point and add the meat. Cook until the meat and peas are almost tender; add salt, potato cubes and carrot dice, cook until the vegetables are soft. Mix the flour with one-third of a cupful of cold water, add to the mixture, stirring carefully, and cook five minutes. Add Worcestershire sauce, lemon juice, parsley and salt and pepper, with paprika to taste. Serve at once.

Roast Beef, Mexican Sauce.

Reheat rare roast beef cut in thin slices in Mexican sauce. Cook one onion, finely chopped, in two tablespoonsfuls of butter five minutes. Add one red pepper, one green pepper and one clove of garlic, each finely chopped, and two tomatoes peeled and cut in pieces. Cook 15 minutes, add one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, one-fourth teaspoonful of celery salt and salt to taste.

The world is mine oyster which I with sword will open.

HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS.

Boiling the molasses to be used in cookies or cake makes them taste richer and cut smoother.

Add a tablespoonful of vinegar to a fish while boiling; it improves the flavor and makes it more flaky.

Never smooth mashed potato in the serving dish. It makes it heavy and compact. Heap it lightly into the dish and dot with bits of butter.

Let puddings and pies cool slightly before putting on the meringue; if not, the meringue will be dotted with drops of liquid.

Overcooking will curdle milk as well as cooking milk that has been salted. It is best to add salt after the milk has been removed from the heat.

If a custard has overcooked, pour it into a cold bowl and beat with an egg beater; if this will not make it smooth, strain and use it as a custard sauce.

To decorate cakes for children, frost them, then dip a small brush into melted chocolate or beaten egg yolk, and put on the design or name desired. Any coloring may be used by adding a bit of color to confectioner's sugar and water or milk.

Use stale bread for French toast. Beat one egg, add a half cup of milk or more, one teaspoonful of salt and a pinch of sugar. Cut the bread in narrow strips and dip in the egg on both sides. Fry in a little hot fat.

Codfish Supper Dish.—Pick up a cupful of soaked codfish into flakes. Mix a pint of mashed potato with two eggs and a pint of milk with a tablespoonful of melted butter, salt and pepper. Put into a buttered baking dish and bake a half hour. Serve hot from the baking dish.

When washing spinach, put salt in the first water; it will save several washings.

When creaming butter for a cake, if in a hurry, add a tablespoon or two of hot water to it; the cake will mix much quicker and is fully as fine grained.

There are few of us, who if we really give our minds to it, cannot find time in which to live rightly and by living rightly we live longer and gain increased happiness for ourselves and our fellow-men.—Olive Green.

MORE ABOUT OYSTERS.

The oyster is so well liked by the majority of people and is served so commonly as stews, cocktails and scalloped dishes that a few other methods of preparing and serving the well-liked shell fish may be welcome.

Oysters with Scrambled Eggs.—This dish is one so appetizing that it should be reserved for the best of friends. Beat six eggs in a deep plate. Cut twelve oysters into small pieces. In a chafing dish, the bottom of which is covered with a thin layer of anchovy paste, melt a tablespoonful of butter; as soon as it is piping hot stir in the eggs. Just before these are done add the oysters, stirring until they are well cooked. When creamy throughout, pour over buttered toast that has been covered with anchovy paste.

Providence Oysters.—Place the oyster liquor in a sauce pan and when boiling drop in a pint of oysters; when the edges curl, remove and add butter, salt and enough cracker crumbs to absorb the liquor; now stir in a beaten egg, add the oysters and serve at once.

A layer of chopped celery added to scalloped oysters is a most tasty flavor which raises the quality of the dish to the unusual.

Oysters à la Fawcett.—Place two dozen oysters in a chafing dish with no liquor, add a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and a half cup of apple or orange juice. In another dish cook a portion of a cup of mushroom liquor with half a cupful each of mushrooms and truffles; cook five minutes, then add the beaten yolks of four eggs and a pint of rich cream. When this is boiling, pour over the oysters which have been cooked just long enough to curl the edges.

Roast Beef, Mexican Sauce.—Reheat rare roast beef cut in thin slices in Mexican sauce. Cook one onion, finely chopped, in two tablespoonsfuls of butter five minutes. Add one red pepper, one green pepper and one clove of garlic, each finely chopped, and two tomatoes peeled and cut in pieces. Cook 15 minutes, add one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, one-fourth teaspoonful of celery salt and salt to taste.

Nellie Maxwell

Coming Styles in Millinery

Forecast of Materials and Shapes That Will Mark Fall and Winter Hats.

TRIMMED BRIM IS CERTAIN

Will Be Used in Many Ways, Most of Them Charming—High Draped Crowns Sure to Be Another Feature.

While it seems somewhat early in the season to speak with finality of the fall and winter hats, enough new shapes have been displayed to give us some inkling of what is to come, writes Martha Goode Anderson in the New York Sun. For several weeks now we have seen a sweeping rage of the felt hats with wide brims and exploited in the palest pastel shades and ornamented with bright and gay wool stitchery. As this wool stitchery is to be so much in evidence throughout the winter not only on hats but on coats, dresses and blouses, it is just as well to consider it seriously and recognize the demand, for it is one of the established facts in winter's coming fashions.

The felt hats of which I am speaking have been used primarily for sport hats with pale-colored sweaters and bright-hued skirts and blouses. We cannot complain of the lack of color during this summer, for as a sort of reaction from the dull and somber hues of the war period our clothes have caught and reflected the most radiant tones of the rainbow and every group has been resplendent in its vivid colors.

The First Showing.

Always at the beginning of every season it seems as if the first showing of millinery included only the wide-brimmed and large hats. This is inevitably so for the spring and summer, as we find ourselves preparing for the hot days when the sun is blinding and we need some sort of protection for eyes and skin. Just why it should be for fall and winter, however, I do not know unless the idea is to display first the dressy hat, as most women go on the principle that having invested in a smart and very good hat almost anything will do for every day. I do not present this idea as conclusive by any means, but it may be one of the reasons why we are shown so few of the small and simple every-day sort of hat and most of the newest shapes are of the splendid velvet picture hats.

Paradise feathers are predominating as trimming. They sweep down, but not up as heretofore, and thick sprays are used more than the single feathers we have seen so much of in recent times. Black paradise is really lovely and so expensive that it need not be disdained by even the most exacting and conservative.

One of the newest shapes which is neither large nor small in size is the round turban with the draped and heavy brim. This is not an easy shape to wear, as it is apt to look very heavy so close to the face. However, it is really very splendid, for it is developed in the rarest and richest of broads, heavily embroidered in gold and silver and resplendent in a mingling of colors entwining to see.

The crowns of these wide draped turbans are of velvet or duveline as the case may be and are entirely untrimmed, as the present indication in the matter of trimming is seen in the draping of the brim. Where feathers are used they sweep down close to the face, even resting almost under the chin in a soft curve. This way of placing the paradise is an old, old one, entwining to see.

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A layer of chopped celery added to scalloped oysters is a most tasty flavor which raises the quality of the dish to the unusual.

Oysters à la Fawcett.—Place two dozen oysters in a chafing dish with no liquor, add a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and a half cup of apple or orange juice. In another dish cook a portion of a cup of mushroom liquor with half a cupful each of mushrooms and truffles; cook five minutes, then add the beaten yolks of four eggs and a pint of rich cream. When this is boiling, pour over the oysters which have been cooked just long enough to curl the edges.

Roast Beef, Mexican Sauce.—Reheat rare roast beef cut in thin slices in Mexican sauce. Cook one onion, finely chopped, in two tablespoonsfuls of butter five minutes. Add one red pepper, one green pepper and one clove of garlic, each finely chopped, and two tomatoes peeled and cut in pieces. Cook 15 minutes, add one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, one-fourth teaspoonful of celery salt and salt to taste.

Nellie Maxwell

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

TO ASSISTANT SCOUTMASTERS

Chief Scout Executive James E. West sends this word to the almost 18,000 assistant scoutmasters of boy scout troops:

"Your rank and opportunity is one to excite envy. Your job is what you make it and your troop is largely up to you. The chance for the boy scout movement to be serving a million boy members by next birthday rests with you. If anyone else brings about the million, that someone will have stepped in and picked up your opportunity."

"Does this seem strange? A typographical error, putting in the word assistant? Then consider the lieutenant in the great war.

"We think of you as the man with youth and physical vitality enough to carry on and carry through to success the plans of your chief.

"To us you are the man, the only man, who can say, 'Boys, Mr. Scoutmaster would be greatly pleased if we rolled our packs and put our camp site in perfect order right after dinner—he would enjoy our afternoons tests and games and swim, himself, if he didn't have that cloud hanging over him, of asking you to police this spot at 5 p. m. We owe him a good time. That-a-boy. You'll be done in ten minutes at the rate you're going.'

"You are between the boy and the ultimate authority; and your word of encouragement and your sympathy when scouts are in wrong can be one of the truly great factors in the troop's success."

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA.

Service!

A good turn every day!

That's scouting's heart and soul, Its mind and brawn.

A good turn every day—

Not for money,

Not by rule,

But from love—

Boyhood's boyish, manly love,

Boyhood's deathless love,

Selfish love—

Of Good for Good's sake.

Rich boy, poor boy,

Boy of city, boy of town,

Boys of every real boy land,

This hemisphere, and that—

Scouting binds them all,

Service, service, service,

Day after day, day after day,

Work service, play service,

Growing, growing,

Manlier every hour,

Soon to be full men,

Full heart, full mind,

Full body, full soul,

To the Rooseveltian utmost:

Men to the last drop of red blood,

To the last nerve twinkle,

To the last heart flutter,

Men, yet forever—boys,

Men with virile boyishness

Of boy scouts.

Prepared!

Prepared for life!

For the merry seriousness of it,

The fun play fight of it,

The thrilling carrying on of it,

Boy life, man life,

Welded.

Prepared!

Prepared for death!

The smiling calm of it,

The certain crown of it,

The onward, upward, living faith of it

Stanch!

Stanch, hand in hand,

Shoulder to shoulder,

Heart with heart,

Living and helping to live,

Living close to nature's heart,

Helping bird, helping beast,

All God's creatures!

Every man, every woman,

Boy scouts, big and little,

Boy-men, yet just boys!

—Howard Branch Lyman, in New York Sun.

SCOUTS FURNISH GOOD BLOOD.

